

## The PRICE By FRANCIS LYNDE ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

### CHAPTER I. At Chaudiere's.

It was at Chaudiere's that Griswold had eaten his first breakfast in the Crescent city, and it was at Chaudiere's again that he was sharing a farewell supper with Bainbridge of the Louisianaian. Six weeks lay between that and this; forty-odd days of discouragement and failure superadded upon other similar days and weeks and months.

Without meaning to, Bainbridge had been steering the path with fresh thorns for the defeated one. He had been billed to write up the banana trade for his paper. Boyishly jubilant over the assignment, he had dragged the New Yorker under to Chaudiere's to a small parting feast. Not that it had required much persuasion. Griswold had fasted for 24 hours, and if Bainbridge were not a friend in a purist's definition of the term, he was at least a friendly acquaintance.

The burden of the table talk fell upon Bainbridge, and it occurred to the host that his guest was less than usually responsive, a fault not to be lightly condoned under the joyous circumstances. Wherefore he protested. "What's the matter with you tonight, Kenneth, old man? You're more than commonly grumpy, it seems to me; and that's needless."

Griswold looked up with a smile that was almost ill-natured, and quipped cynically: "Unto everyone that hath shall be added, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Bainbridge's laugh was tolerant enough to take the edge from his retort. "That's a pretty thing to fling at a man who never knifed you or pistolled you or tried to poison you! An innocent bystander might say you envied me."

"I do," rejoined Griswold gravely. "I envy any man who can earn enough money to pay for three meals a day and a place to sleep in."

"Oh, cat's foot!—anybody can do that," asserted Bainbridge, with the air of one whom the struggle for existence has been a mere athlete's practice run.

"I know; that is your theory. But the facts disprove it. I can't, for one."

Griswold was a fair man, with reddish hair and beard and the quick and sensitive skin of the type. A red flush of anger crept up under the closely cropped beard, and his eyes were bright.

Bainbridge scoffed openly; but he was good-natured enough to make amends when he saw that Griswold was moved.

"I take it all back," he said. "I suppose the black-chicken has come home again to roost, and a returned manuscript accounts for anything. But, seriously, Kenneth, you ought to get down to bed-rock facts. Nobody but a crazy phenomenon can find a publisher for his first book, nowadays, unless he has had some sort of an introduction in the magazines or the newspapers. You haven't had that; so far as I know, you haven't failed."

"Oh, yes, I have—tried and failed. It isn't in me to do the stable thing, and there isn't a magazine editor in the country who doesn't know it by this time. I tell you, Bainbridge, the conditions are all wrong when a man with a vital message to his kind can't get to deliver it to the people who want to hear it."

Bainbridge ordered the small coffee and found his cigar case.

"That is about what I suspected," he commented impatiently. "You couldn't keep your peculiar views muzzled even when you were writing a bit of a pot boiler on sugar planting. You drop your fool socialist fad and write a book that a reputable publisher can bring out without committing commercial suicide, and you'll stand some show."

"Call it what you please; names don't change facts. Listen—Griswold leaned upon the table; his eyes grew hard and the blue in them became mottled. "For more than a month I have tramped the streets of this cursed city begging—yes, that is the word—begging for work of any kind that would suffice to keep body and soul together, and for more than half of that time I have lived on one meal a day. That is what we have come to; we of the submerged majority."

equable enough; the age-cooled temper of a methodical gentleman whose long upper lip was in itself an advertisement of self-control. But such a deliberate infraction of his rules coupled with the stony impudence of the visitor, made him spring up angrily to ring for the watchman.

The intruder was too quick for him. When his hand sought the bell push he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver, and so was fain to fall back into his chair, gasping. "Ah-h-h!" he stammered. And when the words could be managed: "So that's it, is it?—you're a robber!"

"No," said the invader of the presidential privacy calmly, speaking for the first time since his coming. "I am not a robber, save in your own very limited definition of the word. I am merely a poor man, Mr. Galbraith, the purpose of the uncounted thousands—and I want money. If you call for help, I shall shoot you. It is merely a question of money, and if you are amenable to reason—"

"I must be going," he said. "The Adelantado drops down the river at eleven. How are you fixed for the present, and what are you going to do for the future?"

"I am 'fixed' to run twenty-four hours longer, thanks to your hospitality. For that length of time I presume I shall continue to believe in what we have been taught to believe is the immutable order of things. After that, I don't know."

He paused and Bainbridge put the question. "Well, after that; what then?"

"Then, if the chance to earn is still denied me, and I am sufficiently hungry, I shall stretch forth my hand and take what I find."

Bainbridge fished in his pocket and took out a ten-dollar banknote. "That, first," he said, offering Griswold the money.

The proletarian smiled and shook his head.

"The fruit steamer Adelantado, outward bound, was shuddering to the first slow revolutions of her propeller when Bainbridge turned the key in the door of the stuffy little stateroom to which he had been directed, and went on deck."

"Why, hello, Broffin! How are you, old man? Where the dickens did you drop from?"

It was the inevitable steamer acquaintance who is always at hand to prove the trite narrowness of the world, and Bainbridge kicked a chair into comradely place for him.

Broffin, heavy browed and clean shaven save for a thick mustache that hid the hard-bitten mouth, replaced the chair to suit himself and sat down. In appearance he was a cross between a steamboat captain on a vacation and an up-river plantation overseer recovering from his annual pleasure trip to the city. By his reply to Bainbridge's query proved that he was neither.

"I didn't drop; I walked. More than that, I kept step with you all the way from Chaudiere's to the levee. You'd be dead easy game for an amateur."

"You'll get yourself disliked, the first thing you know," said Bainbridge, laughing. "Can't you ever forget that you are in the man-hunting business? Where are you headed for, Broffin?"

The man who might have passed for a steamboat captain or a plantation overseer, was neither, chuckled dryly.

"You don't expect me to give it away to you and you a newspaper man, do you? But I will—seeing you can't get it on the wires. I'm going down to Guatemala after Mortsen."

"The Crescent bank defaulter? By Jove! you've found him at last, have you?"

The detective nodded. "I've been two years off and on, trying to locate Mortsen; and now that I've found him, he is where he can't be extradited. All the same, I'll bet you five to one he goes back with me in the next steamer—what?"

To shatter at a single blow the most venerable of the routine precedents, the sensational thing chose for its colliding point with orderly system one of the oldest and most conservative of the city's banks—the Bayou State Security. At ten o'clock, following the precise habit of half a lifetime, Mr. Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State, entered his private room in the rear of the main banking apartment, opened his desk, and addressed himself to the business of the day. At half-past the hour the president was left alone to read his correspondence.

Being a man whose mental processes were all serious, and whose hobby was method, Mr. Galbraith had established a custom of giving himself a quiet half-hour of inviolable seclusion in which to read and consider his mail. During this sacred interval the stenographer, standing guard in the outer office, had instructions to deny his chief to callers of any and every degree. Wherefore, when, at 29 minutes to 11, the door of the private office opened to admit a stranger, the president was justly annoyed.

"Well, sir; what now?" he demanded, impatiently, taking the intruder's measure in a swift glance shot from beneath his bushy white eyebrows.

The unannounced visitor was a young man of rather prepossessing appearance, a fair tall for his breadth of shoulder, fair with blue eyes and a curling, reddish beard and mustache, the former trimmed to a point. So much the president was able to note in the appraising glance—and to remember afterward.

The caller made no reply to the curt question. He had turned to the curt insistence in the act that was like the flick of a whip to Mr. Galbraith's irritation.

"If you have business with me, you'll have to excuse me for a few minutes," he protested, still more impatiently. "Be good enough to take a seat in the ante-room until I ring. MacFarland should have told you."

The young man drew up a chair and sat down, ignoring the request as if he had failed to hear it. Ordinarily Mr. Andrew Galbraith's temper was

duty owed to society no less than to the bank and to himself. But on the pinnacle of resolution, at the instant when, with the robber at his elbow, he stepped to the window and presented the check, Andrew Galbraith felt the gentle pressure of the pistol muzzle against his side; nay, more—he fancied he could feel the cold chill of the metal strike through and through him.

So it came about that the fine resolution had quite evaporated when he said, with that composure there was in him: "You'll please give me currency for this, Johnson."

The teller glanced at the check and then at his superior; not too inquisitively, since it was not his business to question the president's commands. "How will you have it?" he asked; and it was the stranger at Mr. Gal-

braith's elbow who answered. "One thousand in fives, tens and twenties, loose, if you please; the remainder in the largest denominations, put up in a package."

The teller counted out the one thousand in small notes quickly; but he had to leave the cage and go to the vault for the huge remainder. This was the crucial moment of peril for the robber, and the president, stealing a glance at the face of his persecutor, saw the blue eyes blazing with excitement.

"It is your time to pray, Mr. Galbraith," said the spoiler in low tones. "If you have given your man the signal—"

But the signal had not been given. The teller was re-entering the cage with a bulky packet of money paper. "You needn't open it," said the young man at the president's elbow. "The bank's count is good enough for me."

And when the window wicket had been unlatched and the money passed out, he stuffed the loose bills carelessly into his pocket, put the package containing the ninety-nine thousand dollars under his arm, nodded to the president, backed swiftly to the street door and vanished.

Then it was that Mr. Andrew Galbraith suddenly found speech, opening his lips and pouring forth a torrent of incoherence which presently got itself translated into a vengeful howl and cry; and New Orleans the unimpetuous had its sensation ready-made.

(To be continued.)

There has been, during the past week, a hurried gathering of haversacks, canteens and other equipments, by those included in the recent call for the militia preparatory to leaving for their field of service. The 34th regiment from this district musters a goodly amount of sturdy manhood whose blows we hope will tell well for us in the coming struggle. South Carolina needs her best bulwark "now."

In the strong arms of her sturdy yeomen we hope she will not look in vain for it.

Sherman's Advance.

Our latest advices from the coast indicate that Sherman has probably begun in earnest his campaign for the subjugation of South Carolina. He is reported to be moving rapidly on Greenville in two columns and if the recent bad weather does not impede his first blow there in a few days more.

We believe he has taken upon himself a heavy task and one the success of which South Carolina, with the assistance given her, has the power to defeat. The old state is fully aroused and her armed legions are swarming to the front from every direction in her borders. She has not been left to combat alone in this grand trial of strength, but the tried veterans of our victorious deeds bring us strength, courage and hope. But we must not fold our hands and idly speculate upon the battle when it comes. There are acceptable duties all can perform. Let those who can not fight hold up the hands of those who can. Let no efforts that human agency can contrive be spared to deal one crushing blow to the proud invader ere his footsteps pollute the soil of our homes and desecrate their purity.

This is the first time in the history of this war that an invading army has passed our frontier. Its blows have only fallen on our shield heretofore and left us unharmed. For nearly 600 days brave old Sumter and Moultrie have stood the storm of shot and shell that fell harmless from their battlements. Charleston stands, although a hundred guns have rained their missiles upon her for a score of months. They fell harmless upon her bosom and with the exception of a few buildings burned and battered, she stands as proudly now as when the first hostile bolt was launched against her. We trust to stronger bulwarks than brick and mortar in the coming struggle. Our faith rests confidently in the invincible resolution of the brave men who have recently declared that "while the Confederacy exists they will continue to fight for freedom and independence." Let this noble spirit animate our people at home as well

as those at the front and we have but little fear of the invasion of our state.

(To Be Continued.)

He comes with all the inevitability of death and taxes, but unlike them he is always a welcome caller. To be sure, he is oftentimes charged with messages of bereavement, and notices of liabilities and of unperformed duties, but for all that he is welcome.

It is not his fault that he is not always a bearer of messages of good cheer.

He would rather bring good news, but so long as he is the nexus between us and the outside world, which is an affair of both good and evil, the fault is with the world and not with the rural mail carrier if the evil sometimes predominates.

He rises while it is still dark, and whatever may be the weather or the roads, he brings the world to our doors.

He is the very type of faithfulness. Should this rural mail carrier, as nations are doing in other and less favorable climates, our first noticeable loss would be his daily visits. The rattle of his buggy down the road says to us all, "God lives and the Government at Washington still exists." Other functionaries of the government are burdens on our shoulders, but the mail carrier bears our burdens.

He, more than steam, electricity, or the telephone, annihilates distance for us.

By his labors we join daily in the thought of the world.

He enables us to become a really united people, reading and thinking the same things at the same times.

He even brings to us the criticisms of the very government which sends him to our doors with such unflinching regularity—and when the word goes out through the press that he the mail carrier himself, is a heavy load on the government, he delivers to us the indictment with a smile.

He is the guaranty of the nation against the division of the land into a peasantry and a plutocracy, for he serves Through—and Through alone can make and keep a free people.

Here's to his health and his family; may he live long—and prosper!—Farm and Fireside.

TIGER OF INSECT WORLD.

Ferocious Moth Eats 1,000 Caterpillars in Eight Weeks.

The government's scientists who have been engineering the warfare against the destructive gypsy and brown-tailed moths in this country, are confident that within a few years they will have these pests entirely under control. The insects known as moth-eaters, which have been brought to Washington from other lands to aid in the work of extermination, are said to be slaughtering the moths by the wholesale and thriving at their sanguinary task.

One of the most noteworthy of the alien insects, and one which has been most active in the slaughter, according to a writer in the Century, is a green beetle, a veritable tiger in the moth world.

Here is a terrible creature indeed, a creature of untold ferocity and almost jolly mood, and it is the hog in a beast of most delicate appetite. The green beetle would devour ten times his weight in gypsy moth caterpillars in a single day, and be ready to duplicate this performance on the morrow.

His nominal two seasons of active life are a wild orgy of slaying and feasting. His span of mortality includes a mere fortnight of larval life and two brief summers of adult existence, representing less than five months of activity altogether; but during this time he will normally devour nearly 650 gypsy moth caterpillars or pupae as big as himself.

A single pair have been observed to eat 2,000 caterpillars within eight weeks, glutting almost beyond belief.

One of the most beautiful villas in the world.

The Kaiser, it will be recalled, owns a vast estate on the island of Corfu, the largest and most northerly of the Ionian islands, lying off the coast of Epirus, at the mouth of the Adriatic. This island belongs to Greece, and it that kingdom should enter the war on the side of the allies the Kaiser's villa and grounds at Acton, five miles south of Corfu, upon which many million marks have been squandered, would become the property of the Greek crown. The villa, of marble, was erected in 1890-91 at a cost of \$5,000,000, and has been greatly improved since coming into Kaiser Wilhelm's possession in 1907. The building is in the Italian renaissance style, and at its back are a style and three terraces, with a large number of statues. Upon the broadest terrace is a fine "Dying Achilles," by Herter. The park descends towards the sea, in terraces, and at a commanding site a small temple has been raised over a seated marble statue of the poet Heine, done by the Danish sculptor, Hasselris. Designs for the charming villa were the work of an Italian architect, Rafaelo Cavito.

The latest rumors are that a Swiss hotel corporation will purchase the place and convert it into a resort—Brooklyn Eagle.

Watch Out For Them.—An exchange says that from different parts of the country comes stories of a swindle successfully worked on farmers who thought they were going to get cheap groceries. Two smooth strangers went through the communities taking orders for a house in Chicago, pretending to sell a standard brand of sugar and flour so cheap that every farmer visited took \$10 to \$20 worth and other things besides. Because of the low prices the flour and sugar had to be "paid for in advance." It is alleged that in one community the swindlers picked up some \$3,000—and no groceries delivered.

### FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced in Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer.

#### NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Contented Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit, his purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the older people and for the entertainment and instruction of the present generation.

#### 142ND INSTALLMENT.

(Wednesday Evening, Feb. 1, 1865.)

Camp 5th Regiment, S. C. V.

Bratt's Brigade, near Richmond, Va., Jan. 17, 1865.

Messrs. Editors: I respectfully ask to be allowed a space in the columns of your excellent paper for the publication of a list of the casualties of Co. F, for the year 1864, which will doubtless be of information to the people connected with the company and your readers generally:

Killed in the battle of the Wilderness, 6th of May, 1864: Corp. R. Z. Wilson, color bearer; Private R. J. Armstrong, wounded; Capt. J. M. Harvey, slight, in left leg; Lieut. H. J. Allison, slight, in left thigh; Lieut. W. E. Campbell, painful, in head; Sergt. J. A. Bell, slight, in arm; Private J. H. Neely, slight, in left hand; R. A. Hagans, severe, in left hand; R. L. McCants, severe, in left hand; D. W. Harrison, severe, in left arm; D. McSwain, slight, in left arm; E. R. Johnson, in hands of the enemy; Corp. J. J. Gardner, in hands of the enemy.

At Spottsylvania C. H., in skirmishes on the 11th of May: Privates T. K. Bates, severe, in left hand, little finger amputated; J. C. Paris, slight, in head; N. B. Campbell, slight, in face; J. H. Yearwood, slight, in head; Lieut. H. J. Allison, severe, in left arm; Capt. J. H. Harvey, slight, in left arm.

Killed in skirmish at Cold Harbor, May 30th, 1864: L. H. Wilson. Wounded at battle at Yellow Tavern, Va., 16th of August, 1864: Joseph Murphy, mortally, in left arm; T. J. Atkins, slight, in left hand; W. B. Davidson, slight, in neck.

Wounded at Fort Harrison, 30th of September, 1864: D. J. Harvey, painfully, in left leg; R. A. Hagans, severe, in left wrist; R. R. Barber, slight, in left breast; C. H. Mintz, slight, in left arm.

Killed at Darbytown, Va., 7th of October, 1864: E. W. Falls, A. A. Moore. Wounded: J. L. Stewart, severe, in left arm; Sergt. J. A. Bell, painful, in left wrist, arm amputated; T. P. Kilgore, severe, in breast, left on field in the hands of the enemy.

There have been five killed and 26 wounded out of 38 men of rank and file, taken in at the outset of the campaign. There are now 26 men present for duty in the company.

Respectfully submitted,

A Friend.

(Wednesday Evening, Feb. 9, 1865.)

#### The Militia.

There has been, during the past week, a hurried gathering of haversacks, canteens and other equipments, by those included in the recent call for the militia preparatory to leaving for their field of service. The 34th regiment from this district musters a goodly amount of sturdy manhood whose blows we hope will tell well for us in the coming struggle. South Carolina needs her best bulwark "now."

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### TOLD BY LOCAL EXCHANGES

#### News Happenings in Neighboring Communities.

#### CONDENSED FOR QUICK READING

Dealing Mainly With Local Affairs of Cherokee, Cleveland, Gaston, Lancaster and Chester.

Gastonia Gazette, June 29: Mr. and Mrs. William King and children, formerly of Chester, S. C., are spending a few days at Mr. King's place, near Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McLean, at their home in the Point. Mr. King has been for several years manager of the Southern Cotton company, a plant at Chester, but has been promoted to the position of manager of the hospital at New King's place, a plant much larger than the Chester plant. Mr. King and family will move to Camden this week. Philip Dunn, a negro employed by the Carolina Stone Co. in the quarry at Spencer Mountain, was instantly killed yesterday morning, when he was crushed to death by a falling stone. Dunn was operating a compressed air drill and was standing on top of a large rock. A portion of the stone gave way and he was precipitated some distance. A heavy piece of the rock fell on him, crushing his head and spine. Mr. Dunn was a married man, and was well known in the community. He was a native of North Carolina, and had been in the quarry for some time. His death is a great loss to the community.

Rock Hill Record, June 28: Many of our readers will not doubt be interested in reading the following oath of allegiance which had to be signed by Confederate prisoners at the close of the meeting of June 2, A. D. 1865, at Port Mifflin, after she had been playing tennis with some friends.

Lancaster News, June 29: The laying of a concrete base for a new overpass, which is to be put down on Main street, was begun in front of the residence of Mr. W. T. Gregory this morning. The work was done by the press we learn of the death at Kershaw this morning of Mr. L. D. Jones, well known here, and pulled along the railroad tracks by the terrific suction caused by a fast moving express train as it passed a platform near the track on which the woman was standing.

Queen Victoria of Sweden, on a recent visit to Berlin, declared her sympathies to be with Germany, and added, "You may announce this to the whole world."

Since the opening of the Panama canal to general traffic in May of last year to June 6 of this year, the tolls have totaled \$4,000,000. The canal is again partly closed on account of a slide in the Culebra cut.

The famous International Textbook company, the largest of American correspondence schools, is in financial difficulties, and its 8,000 stockholders will not receive any dividends for several years to come.

A woman and a child were killed at Newtonville, N. J., Monday, by being knocked down and pulled along the railroad tracks by the terrific suction caused by a fast moving express train as it passed a platform near the track on which the woman was standing.

Mrs. Howard E. Gray of Roaring Branch, Pa., who a few weeks ago, refused an offer of \$100,000 for a wealthy Philadelphia for her 2-year-old daughter, died Monday, following an operation in a Williamsport hospital.

Hon. William J. Bryan was to have made an address before the "Sons of Teutons" in Chicago Monday night. On arriving at the Chicago station the chairman of the committee on arrangements informed Mr. Bryan that the proposed meeting had been called off. No public explanation was made.

A dispatch from Berlin says that in the course of a recent visit to the Kaiser to the western front, in the neighborhood where many German soldiers had been killed, the emperor alighted from his horse and knelt on the ground, where he offered a prayer, he said: